

THE LADY IN GREY SILK.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Mercury, in referring to the fact that Hon. James Quiggle, formerly a member of the Pennsylvania Senate from Clinton and Centre Counties, had taken up his residence in the Quaker City, relates the following music anecdote:

Some years since on the road from Lancaster to Philadelphia, on a blazing hot summer's day, Judge Jim Pollock, (your present governor.) Hon. Jim Quiggle, (then plain lawyer Quiggle,) and your correspondent, who knew the former well, but not the latter, were alone in the rear-most car of the train. Jim Pollock was looking out of the car window, at a place where the train stopped to water, when suddenly he drew his white handkerchief from his pocket, and began vigorously waving it in the air, at the same time bobbing his head out of the window in a very vigorous manner.

"What are you about, Judge?" asked Mr. _____, without raising for his seat.

"Why don't you see yonder? There's a lady waving a white handkerchief, and I'm returning the salute—some acquaintance I made formerly, I suppose."

Judge P. ceased, but in a few moments he again looked out and resumed the operation

"Who is she, Judge?" asked Mr. Q., as he lounged in one corner of the car, with his other extremities curled up like a gigantic Z.

"Well, the fact is, I don't exactly know," he quite near sighted, and can't recognize her; but she is dressed in grey silk, and stands under, under a big maple tree near my friend John B.'s house."

By and by the locomotive gave a snort, and the train began to move. Judge Pollock again started his cambrie to the lady, in a final salute, and this time Jim Quiggle thought he ought to have a peep at her. So he crossed over to the Judge, and poking out his head over the window, just didn't see the lady. Nevertheless, the Judge kept on waving his handkerchief, the inspiration rolling down his face with the effort.

"Where is she? I don't see anybody," said Mr. Q., after scanning the landscape, without observing any female.

"There?" was the rather petulant reply; "don't you see that lady in the grey silk dress, standing under the maple tree, waving a white handkerchief?"

There was a suppressed snorting sound, and Jim Quiggle rolled over on to the seat, red in the face as a boiled lobster, while your correspondent picked him up in a state of violent anoxym of laughter, and laid him out upon the seat. After sacrificing all the buttons on his vest and waistbands, he explained to the Judge the occasion of the cachinnatory spasm.

The Judge had been emitting salutes for twenty minutes with a waving salute for a white, white tail, as it flared grey mare, whose

—He was taken by him for a white handkerchief waved by a lady in a grey silk dress! The Judge didn't swear, but he changed the subject to saw mills, the only portion of which was intelligible being the frequent repetition of the word "dam."

LIEBIG AGAINST MATERIALISM.—At a time when there are so many half way men of science, such as Atkinson, Elliotson, and a number of the French school, who profess to believe in their respective theories, it is pleasant to see a man of Professor Liebig's superior attainments arrive at very opposite conclusions. A letter from Munich appears in the "Allgemeine Zeitung," from which we make the following extract:

"Professor Liebig delivered yesterday his first public lecture on animal chemistry to a very numerous and select audience. He availed himself of this occasion to declare, from his position as a chemist and naturalist, his opposition to the wide spread doctrine of materialism, Büchner, and others of the most rugged materialism. He pronounced himself in sympathy and energy against the 'deniers of mind and vital power,' and illustrated and

rebatted, from his profound conviction, their
 reasons, theories on pure scientific grounds.
 He showed how impossible it is to explain
 the lowest chemical principles the existence of even
 the lowest combined parts of an organism, a
 cell or muscular fibre—and how much more
 to account for the mysterious process of life
 and thinking!—by a change of matter. He
 demonstrated how unable those materialists
 of the late school were to distinguish organic
 combinations from those (combustions) purely
 chemical. Nothing, he said, was more absurd
 than to derive the process of thinking and
 feeling from a phosphorescence of the brain,
 or from a despatched bone. How much more of
 thinking stuff, these materialists (thinking),
 could there be contained in bones, which have
 in our hundred times more phosphorus than the
 brain?

As we have learnt that Baron Liebig intended
 to publish this discourse in a continuation of
 his "Chemical Letters" we decline to give
 the course of ideas of the celebrated in-
 quirer, and will merely remark that the effect
 of his discourse, supported by the peculiar
 candour, modesty and gracefulness of his
 delivery, was most powerful in creating
 high scientific authority produces generally
 deeper and more lasting conviction on the

public than the wavering judgment of the individual mind on a question so difficult and intricate, and on which so much has been written in favor of it and against it. We saw, next to Alexander Humboldt, no German *avant* whose name on the two hemispheres is better, and whose decision is more imposing than that of the greatest of our own; we pride ourselves in calling our own.

SWEET MUSIC.—An Englishman met an Irish pig driver at Liverpool:

"I say, Pat," said the Englishman, addressing himself to the Irishman, who had just landed a lot of pigs from Ireland, and at whose expense he wished to have a joke, "I say, Pat?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Just tell me how's your Irish pigs?"

"An, sure you don't know whether they're Irish or English pigs?"

"I know," said the Englishman, "they're natives of Ireland; I'm quite sure they're Irish."

"An' how do you know it?"

"I know it by their accent."

"An' did you hear the pigs spake, then?"

"No I didn't, but I heard them grunt!"

"Och, then," said Pat, taking off his hat and holding his hair with one hand, and bowing and scraping his foot at the same time,

te, if you've any ear for music."

For consolation the Englishman resorted to beef steak, and a mug of half-and-half.

The forger of the Schiller manuscript was tried at Weimar, and sentenced to two years imprisonment. It was developed on the spot, and no less than 414 manuscripts had been sold by him, and of these but six were genuine. Being asked by the court how he came in possession of so large a number of forgers, he said that his father had for a number of years been collecting them, and at he had devoted fourteen long years to the me business. To the question how they came in his hands, he gave the names of three persons: a certain Miss Nete, who had been some time housekeeper in the house of Schiller, a trader of old books from Jena by the name of Rotte, and that of a former servant at the library of Weimar, Remhold. Two of these persons are dead, and the third, said, had gone to America.

"What did Napoleon mean when he said it 'bayoneted the question?' The meaning is obvious. Every polished bayonet is capable of section."